

BESIDE THE BARS.

Grandmother's knitting has lost its charm; Unheeded it lies in her ample lap, While the sun's crimson, soft and warm, Touches the fringe of her sunny cap.

She is gazing on two beside the bars, Under the maple—how little care For the growing dusk, or the rising stars, Or the hint of frost in the autumn air.

One is a slender slip of a girl And one a man in the pride of youth— The maiden pure as the purest pearl, The lover strong in the stoutest truth.

"Sweet, my own, as a rose of June," He says full low o'er the golden head. It would sound to her like a dear old tune, Could grandmother hear the soft words said.

For it seems but a little while ago, Since under the maple, beside the bars, She stood a girl, while the sunset's glow Melted away 'mid the evening stars.

And little you dream how fond a prayer Goes up to God through His silver stars, From the aged woman gazing there, For the two who linger beside the bars.

—Margaret Saenger.

HOW TO SELECT CLOTHING.

A Tailor's Advice as to How to Detect Cotton Warp and Shoddy.

[New York Sun.]

"The stuff in this suit of black clothes you made for me is not what I took it for," said one of an up-town tailor's customers to him the other day in a reporter's hearing. "I have just had them cleaned, and now see how they have whitened at the edge."

"That's because of the cotton warp in the material, which the scouring soon makes apparent," replied the tailor, genially.

"But you assured me particularly that the material wasn't shoddy."

"So I did, and I told you the truth. But at the same time I told you that it was cheap American goods, and that is just what it is—a well-appearing American woolen manufacture, with a large percentage of cotton warp. If you had wanted a shoddy, I could have sent you where you'd have got something cheaper, for shoddy is a kind of goods I won't make up for love or money. But, if you will remember, I showed you much better but more expensive goods of both foreign and American manufacture, which I offered to recommend heartily enough. But you were bent upon having the poorer but well-appearing goods, and so consulted your own wishes instead of my advice."

"The customer seemed to have nothing to offer against these statements, and presently took his departure, apparently much dissatisfied with himself, if not with the tailor."

"How," asked the reporter, "is an inexperienced buyer to distinguish between all-woolen goods and the material containing a cotton warp, of which that gentleman was complaining?"

"By merely raveling out the rough edge of the material and inspecting the threads," said the tailor. "Anyone can tell a cotton thread from a woolen thread. The one will break short in two, on being tested, while the other will fray and fluff out, like yarn and worsted. In this way you can readily detect a mixture of cotton warp in a shawl or woollen fabric."

"How do you detect shoddy in cloth?"

"In the same way, and even more easily. Fray out two or three threads from the rough edge, and inspect them. If they contain shoddy, it will drop out of the twist, sometimes like sand, and then again in an impalpable dust, that will like enough make you sneeze. If you'd inhale enough of the stuff it would be apt to give you both a headache and a sore throat, for most shoddy is rank poison. Ever in a shoddy factory?"

"No."

"Well, I was, and I know something about it. Fact is, I worked in a shoddy factory just one week when I was a much younger and more nervous person than I am now. Necessary? Well, I should say so, for nothing short of starvation could have driven me to seek employment in that poison mill. Talk about quick silver mining and that sort of thing for turning live workers into galvanized corpses! Why, such employment is positively invigorating compared with a shoddy mill! I stood it just one week, and was then laid up for six months. Lucky I switched off when I did, or I'd have been atrophied into kingdom come long ago. Even as it was it was a close shave."

"How is shoddy made?"

"I can tell you how it was made twelve or fifteen years ago, when I served my week's apprenticeship at it. They may have made improvements in the milling since then, though, of course, the product itself is just the same mean, swindling, poisonous stuff it always was. I was placed over a sort of machine something like a patent straw-cutting, only in lieu of straw, it fed it with cloth scraps, remnants, clippings and rags. These passed through the teeth of the machine on to revolving knives, just as in a straw-cutting, which minced them up pretty fine. After that they passed through another and yet another machine, getting minced finer and finer at each operation, until the stuff was reduced to a coarse powder. This powder was then bolted, and the fine powder or dust that passed through the last sieve was the beautiful stuff called shoddy, or flock. Then came the drying process, and the dirty job was complete. I never got any farther than feeder to the primary machine. Although I kept a wet sponge tied constantly over my mouth and nostrils, the work was almost too much for me even at the end of the first day. Why, once an hour I would sneeze out the sponge muzzler and the water that came from it would be blacker than your hat, and smell worse than any rapicker's sack. At the end of the week I pocketed my \$6 wages as if I had stolen it, and slid for home like a rocket, where I was sick abed a long time afterward."

"How did the other operatives stand it so much better than you?"

"Some of them didn't, while those that did had cast-iron throats and lungs like bellows, I suppose. Some men can stand anything."

"How is the shoddy mixed with the cloth?"

"It is simply twisted up with the warp before the weaving. This gives fictitious weight and durability to a fabric whose native fineness would otherwise betray its worthlessness. As it is, it takes a very little wear and tear to dust out the shoddy, and expose the general worthlessness of the wool. Young man, beware

of shoddy, whose presence in cloth you can always detect in the manner I have told you."

"But in ready-made clothing?"

"There you have no means of detecting it, save by wearing the goods. You have to trust to the honesty of the firm of whom you purchase. Though I don't deal in ready-made goods myself, it is no more than just for me to say that many firms that deal in nothing else are perfectly honest and trustworthy, and whose guaranty of what they warrant is as good as gold. Only, in addition to the precautions I have given you, be very careful, in choosing goods, whether made up or not, to know that the material has been properly fulled. Without a perfect course of fulling, woolen cloth will always shrink upon becoming damp."

"What is the exact meaning of fulling?"

"Fulling is the last, or finishing, process through which cloth passes, or should pass, before it is ready for the weaver's use. It is a process by which cloth is secured, cleaned, and thickened. It consists of a series of pebbles, or stamps, which alternately fall into and rise out of the trough, through which the cloth is being passed, along with fuller's earth or some other cleansing material. This process, besides ridding the cloth of the grease and oil used in preparing wool, prevents its shrinking thereafter on coming in contact with the wet. You often see trousers, for instance, that looked large enough, and even overlarge, when first put on, but which, nevertheless, shrink up too small, or all out of shape, after encountering a single hour of wet weather. That is because the material was not thoroughly fulled. In selecting clothing material always make sure that it has been properly fulled."

"But how can an inexperienced person tell whether it has been properly fulled or not?"

"He can't. There is no way by which he can. His only safeguard in this respect is to take his tailor's word for it. Hence, how important it is for every man to have an honest tailor! Let me repeat my warning, young man. In selecting clothing material, beware of shoddy and put your faith in an honest tailor."

Home, Sweet Home.

[Letter in Detroit Free Press.]

In a late issue of the Free Press it is stated that "Payne is said to have stolen the music of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

Regarding this statement I am unable either to affirm or contradict it. Payne was born in the year 1792 and died in 1852.

The song in question originally appeared in an opera in London, about the year 1820. In the year 1832 it was estimated that upwards of 100,000 copies of it had been sold.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1796, now before me, I transcribe the following lyric, and it is there stated that they are sung to the air "Dulce Domum," which air was composed by John Reading, in the reign of Charles II.

Let all, my blithe companions, Join in mirthful, mirthful song, Pleasant our subject, Select our song, our object! Home, sweet home, we soon shall see,

Chorus—How the seat of joy and pleasure, Home, sweet home, makes our joy; Welcome freedom! welcome leisure! Every care be far away! Home, sweet home, etc.

Now the swallow, bird of summer, Sees again her long home; See her nest preparing, See her boys, shall share in The dear delights of home, sweet home. Home, sweet home, etc.

Swift as thought, ye generous couriers Bear us to the wished-for end! To the land of ease, The tender embraces Of each loved and loving friend. Home, sweet home, etc.

Contagious Drunkenness.

Dr. T. D. Crothers has made the important discovery that drunkenness is a contagious disease. The theory that drunkenness is contagious is not in conflict with any well-established facts, and has much positive evidence to sustain it. The microbe that, when taken into the body, creates a thirst for alcohol can, according to Dr. Crothers, be conveyed from one person to another by contact. The man who shakes hands with a drunkard is liable to catch the disease, and it is even probable that it can be conveyed by means of clothing. We can now understand why so many temperance lecturers, after being entirely cured of drunkenness, have fallen victims to renewed attacks of the disease.

The truth is that they have mingled so closely with drunkards in efforts to cure them that they have caught drunkenness a second or third time. Susceptibility to the disease is not, as in the case of smallpox or whooping cough, destroyed by a single attack. We must depend, therefore, for the extirpation of drunkenness upon finding a remedy for it.

Hired Out China.

[N. Y. Mail.]

There is hardly a reception given in Washington where there is not hired china on the table. It's cheaper to hire than to own. Some people put away their light fancy china on such occasions because it is too expensive to have broken and is hard to replace. Others don't have it.

What we hire is nice china, but it is plain white. We seldom hire any other kind, and when we do it is never the same set twice. Now, you go to A's tonight you see a set of china with peculiar Japanese figures on it. You go to B's next evening; more Japanese figures. Again, C's chocolate is served in Japanese. All the rage! Ah! Japanese figures are just the thing in china now. You mention it to Mrs. Beenther. She draws up to one side, puts her fingers to her lips in a shy fashion, and whispers close to your ear: "Hired! Now, you see, that won't do; if they are all alike they must be white, plain white."

Russell Sage's Sister-in-law.

[Lansingburgh Courier.]

An aged woman, found lying in the mud on the Schaghticoke turnpike, about a mile north of the village, by Humphrey Lee, a milkman, was brought to the station house by William Derrick, of Adamsville, the other day. The woman was partially deranged and presented a shocking spectacle, her face bruised and bleeding and her hands and clothing being covered with mud. She stated that her name was Mrs. William Sage, of Troy, and that she was a sister-in-law of Russell Sage, the New York millionaire. Her statement proved correct, and her friends, being notified, took her home.

THREE GOLDEN BALLS.

Some of the Interesting Experiences of a City Pawnbroker.

There are but few vocations in which men are engaged on this planet, says the Toledo Blade, that give a wider scope for the study of human character in all its phases than does that of pawnbroking. The pawnbroker has full scope to become acquainted with the characteristics of men and women physically and mentally, wickedness and follies, the pains and staggering sorrows of the good and bad. They daily pass in review before him, and in time he reads people as if they were an open book. He has to deal with all classes, from the sleek, impudent, brazen-faced, well-dressed and well-fed workers of pawnshops, all through the scale of humanity to the needy, distressed unfortunate whom illness has brought to the verge of grim-visaged want—and the needlewomen with pinched cheeks, sore hearts and distressed minds, come to lay treasures of dear ones upon the counter as a last resort to keep the wolf-hunger away from their weak bodies. Women who

Work, work, work, Till the brain begins to swim; Work, work, work, Till the eyes grow dim; Steam and gullet and hand, Band and gullet and hand, Till over the buttons they fall asleep, And sew them on in a dream.

But the man that displays the three golden balls soon becomes an adept in distinguishing between those who study to entrap him and the really honest and deserving.

On his rounds of duty a Blade reporter concluded to see what the latent, what the covert yield among the men of Toledo, who are now, or have been engaged as pawnbrokers. Stepping into a respectable establishment on Summit street, he was soon in pleasant conversation with the proprietor. The pawnbroker was asked:

"You have to deal with all kinds of people?"

"Oh! yes," was the reply. "I meet with people of all descriptions and temperaments. Human character may be compared to the notes on a flute. There are sharp, flats and naturals, and those that touch the heart with their charm and melody."

"You at times receive queer as well as novel pledges?"

"Well, yes, for instance, let me show you one; and, reaching under the counter, he handed out a wooden-legged, painted so as to give it a flesh-colored tint."

"You do not have calls for such ghastly looking property?"

"Yes, indeed; there have been a dozen people after it. The fact is that a wooden leg must be properly adjusted—fit neatly or it is of no value. This man who owned this leg outran it. I have gone to the doctor's with several people who wanted it, but he could not get it to fit them and they felt extremely sorry. Its original cost was about \$75."

"I suppose people come to you sometimes with false teeth and other cheerful looking objects to pawn?" inquired the reporter.

"The pawnbroker laughed and replied: 'Yes, I believe that almost everything that goes to supply the necessities and fancies of people are brought in. When people get into straitened circumstances they do not hesitate to part with articles of usefulness as well as beauty. Some have an ungovernable desire to sell articles of value to purchase others, while there is a class that will have enjoyment if they have to sell things they really need. Why, last summer several persons who seemed to be hard pushed came here and pawned a variety of goods. The same day I started for Put-in-bay on the steamer Waite, and to my surprise I saw the same parties having a gay old time on the boat. One individual had secured a state-room and was enjoying himself in right royal manner. When they came to my store they complained bitterly of the hard times.'"

"Who are your best customers?"

"Considering numbers, commercial travelers. They carry the best jewelry and perambulate the avenue in real diamonds. They reach the city, get in with a good set of fellows, and when they wake up in the morning they have no ducaats. They have a stipulated sum for expenses from the house they represent, and as they do not like to write for money, they come to me. They commence practicing economy, and make a mathematical calculation as to how soon they can save sufficient out of their resources to redeem their pledges. They then order the goods sent C. O. D. at some stated period in the future, and they never fail to like them promptly from the express office."

"Do thieves offer you many goods?"

"Very seldom. They have pretty much quit going to regular pawnbrokers. When I first went into business I had some difficulty in determining who were thieves, but I soon got on to them. Thieves generally go to a place known as 'fence'—a place where stolen goods are sold, and when thieves enter the city with goods they steal to the fence. They are well posted as to these places."

"Do people in the city try to beat you?"

"Certainly, and they are not always poorly dressed. An elegant-looking woman a while ago came into my store in the evening with a silk circular. I supposed it fine goods, and she so represented the circular, but next morning I found that it was entirely worthless. She afterward came in with a silk dress. I told her to call in daylight. She saw that I knew her, and, very much embarrassed, she left the store. I see her almost every day sailing along Summit street with an air calculated to paralyze poorly dressed people."

"You meet with mean men sometimes?"

"Yes, but some of the meanest kind are those that are left sums of money in addition to curiosities, the latter to be handed down from one generation to another by relatives. They will pocket the money, and have the trunks containing the souvenirs gathered by fathers and mothers hauled off to the pawnbroker's and sell the contents for what they will bring."

"A pawnshop is a good thing sometimes for people to hide their poverty and preserve their pride."

"That is so. Many people who keep up a respectable appearance in the city have no means to run to if misfortune overtakes them. If they get sick they

seek the pawnbroker and pledge articles of value to tide over their pinch. If death enters the household, instead of going openly and asking a loan from friends, they will pawn almost anything to pay the funeral expenses, thus hiding their real condition. Many people have so much pride that they would almost sooner starve than ask assistance from friends in the circle in which they move."

In conversation with a pawnbroker who was in business some time ago, the reporter remarked:

"Your experience must have been interesting?"

"Yes; a pawnbroker sees the most ludicrous as well as the most serious things. I remember a gay-looking individual that entered my shop once. He came in swinging a small rattan cane, and disported himself with a fine silk hat. I thought from his appearance that he could buy out my whole concern. But he nearly took my breath away when he asked if I had any cheap shirts. I showed him some. He paid me twenty cents for one, and took off his coat to put it on. I was amazed when he threw his coat on the counter. Will you believe me when I tell you that he hadn't sufficient seating material in his pantaloons to wad a shot-gun? The only sign of a shirt on him was a paper shirt-bust that was fastened at the lower end by a piece of string. When he was ready to go he donned his fancy dice, gave a graceful bow, said 'good day,' and moved out twirling his dandy little cane."

A Discouraged Journalist.

Last night I was assigned to report a fire over on the west side, and I wrote it up in grand style, made a half-column article of it—I began in this way:

"Suddenly on the still night air rang the shrill cry of fire, and at the same moment the little licking tongue of flame whose light played along the roof's edge had caught the eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful, but fierce and angry in its thirst and greed. Like glowing, smoky demons the lurid links entwined the doomed building; in venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous smoke, the deadly suffocating breath of an imprisoned fiend."

I went on in that style for over half a column, said the reporter, "and this was what showed up in the paper this morning: 'Pat Sheeny's grocery was destroyed by fire last night \$240; uninsured.'"

The Land of Make-Believe.

Wonderful are the imaginations of childhood, and infinite are thy resources, O, land of Make-Believe!

From the portals of this delightful kingdom the child emerges into the land of the purely ideal, the enchanted realm of castle-building.

Its joys are more intoxicating, in their seeming fullness of perfection, when viewed through the intervening distance, than whenever the traveler wanders, the genii, that people the realm, whisper of pleasures more attractive, beauties more rare, and splendors more dazzling than life yet afar; and ever, in the shadowy distance, gleam the turrets, minarets and towers of an unattainable Beyond.

In the fairy-land of childhood things seem to be as they are not; in the dream-land of more mature years things are not as they seem to be.

The Topography of the Brain.

Abundant proof has been adduced of the fact that the brain may be handled, irritated or partially destroyed without necessary damage to life.

One of the latest developments of this method of investigation has been the discovery of those centers in the cortex which preside over voluntary motion, which have been more especially by Prof. Ferrier, differentiated and localized with great precision.

This important knowledge has been arrived at by an extended series of experiments conducted on living animals, in which, by observing the several effects or destroying limited areas of their brains the functions of these special localities have been determined. A topography of the cerebrum has thus been constructed, in which the various faculties have been mapped out.

People Buried Alive.

The writer of a paper recently read before the French Academy of Medicine expresses the opinion that one in every 5,000 persons is buried alive. The question has of late been much discussed by the medical body just mentioned, and seems to be settled that none of the accepted indications of death, with the single exception of the unmistakable decomposition of the body, are to be regarded as perfectly conclusive. It is certain that the possibility of such a frightful death weighs on the mind of many of the French, as, according to a recent declaration of the President of the Chamber of Notaries, express instructions are given in one will out of every ten to have the testator's heart pierced by a qualified surgeon before the coffin is screwed down.

Ink For Love Letters.

To make gold ink, grind gold leaf with white honey in a slab of porphyry or glass, with a muller, until it is reduced to an impalpable powder in a paste; condition; this golden honey paste is then diffused in water, which dissolves the honey, and the gold falls to the bottom in the form of a very fine powder. When the honey is all washed away mix the gold powder with gum arabic mulling. After using it, allow it to dry on the paper, and then it may be made brilliant by burnishing it with an agate burnisher.

A Proof of Immortality.

[Mary A. Livermore.]

The fact that we do not amount to much in this life, unless we are sadly disciplined, is in itself sterling proof of immortality. It is only as we are chieled by sorrow and polished by disappointment, that our best qualities come out. Bereavement, criticism and censure strengthen the character more than praise and success. Life is too hard, too sterile and too short for men and women to reach their full development.

An Unfair Advantage.

[Faintings.]

Lady, to hackman—How much did you say I have to pay?

"One dollar."

"What's your number?"

"Fifty cents, you mean, stingy old fraud."

Woolen in Place of Cotton.

A German professor has started a theory respecting clothing, which is creating quite a sensation in fatherland. He objects to garments made of linen or cotton, and gives many reasons why wool should be the sole clothing of human beings.

Wool is the natural covering of animals. It rids their bodies of effete and poisonous emanations, and protects them from the inclemency of the weather.

But cotton and linen are composed of vegetable fibre. They are dead materials, and retain the noxious emanations from our bodies, thus slowly poisoning us. Silk is not so objectionable, as it is a product of an animal life, because spun from the body of an animal. But it is far less wholesome, especially when worn next the skin, than wool or the hair of one of the lower animals.

These are some of the reasons why he demands the exclusion of cotton and linen from the materials out of which we make our clothing.

The Lost Rivers of Idaho.

[Golden Days.]

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark, rocky chasms, into which creeks and large streams suddenly disappear and are never more seen.

The fissures are old lava channels produced by the outside of the mass cooling and forming a tube, which, when the fiery stream was exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presently there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost.

At one place along the Snake one of these rivers appears gushing from a cleft high up in basaltic walls, where it leaps a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up, is absolutely unknown, although it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the North country.

Politeness in Public.

What is politeness in public? It involves the prompt perception of the rights and comforts of others, and the willing and graceful concession of these. Where this is done, even if the manner be not all that could be desired, the spirit and purpose answer.

There are apt to be evident in the manner. And where there is a purpose and effort to make others agreeable, the essence of true politeness will appear. But selfishness, that seeks only personal enjoyment, at the expense of all others, is the essence of impoliteness. There appear in public life many who are polished as to outward manner who are at the same time, at variance with all the rules of good conduct. A stately bow, a polished expression, do not answer for that regard for the comfort of others which is the material element in good conduct.

Three Chains.

There are three chains which bind men in captivity—custom, habit and appetite.

These different forces play into each other's hands. First custom comes with its insinuations and solicitations; then follows habit with its bands and fetters; and finally comes appetite with its fiery engines, sweeping the soul as with a cyclone, and hurrying a man to irretrievable ruin.

The time to snap these chains is at the beginning. A three-fold cord is not easily broken.

Let those brave bondage remember that tyranny in its beginning is insidious and unsuspected, and that those who fail to resist the beginning of evil will find themselves powerless to war against it when it is completely developed and fully grown.

Wished She Was an Orphan.

A little Newport child of rich parentage, carefully nursed and richly clothed and guarded tenderly by its elders, was driving by the orphan's home the other day, when it caught the sound of the many childish voices in the yard where the children were at play. It eagerly asked:

"Oh, mamma, what is that?"

"They are poor little orphans, without any parents," impressively answered the mother, hugging her darling closer.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed the child, crossing her little hands over her velvet gown and drawing a deep sigh, "how I wish I was a poor little orphan!"

The mother appreciated the situation, and has since given her child companionship of its own status and a little more freedom from fine clothes and constant nursing.

Running Trains.

Among the most valuable experiments made recently with a view to ascertain the difference in the consumption of coal between running a train very rapidly and at a very low rate of speed, those on the Pennsylvania road, near Philadelphia, present the most pertinent and definite data for arriving at a conclusion.

According to the published account, the same conditions, same number of cars, and similar engines were employed, and the train in each case went the same distance—119 miles out and back, with some stops. The fast train ran on scheduled express time, and consumed 6,725 pounds of coal; the slow train ran at twelve miles an hour, and consumed 4,420 pounds, being a saving of 1,305 pounds.

Outside the Human Family.

[Home Journal.]

An Englishman with the Nile expedition writes home that the camel's are great lovers of tobacco. Let any one smoke a pipe or cigar in the camels company and the camel will follow the smoker about, sniff his nose close to the burning tobacco, inhale the fumes with a prolonged sniff, swallow the smoke, then throwing his head up, with mouth agape and eyes upturned, showing the bloodshot whites, will grunt a sigh of ecstasy that would make the fortune of a low comedian in a love scene.

Wanted Change of Vocation.

[New York Journal.]

"So you are troubled with drowsiness?" said a physician to a policeman.

"Yes, sir; that's what's the matter with me."

"Well, then, I would advise you to get a position on a live morning paper. It's a sure cure for somnolency."

HIGH SEE.

A Queen City girl, eating sauce, Caught a glimpse of a beautiful mouse, Without noting that she reached it, As she stood up and screamed Would have drawn a \$1,000 house.

—Boston Folio.

Queen Victoria's Economy.

[Utica Observer.]

"Candle ends" economy is now literally practiced in the household of the British Queen, and it is accomplished through the ingenuity of her head servant.

He recently invented a machine which cuts down the candle after guests have used it, so as to leave a fresh wick; the scrapings are collected, returned to the candle factory, made into candles and sold again to the Queen at reduced rates. Victoria saves quite a little pin-money by this thriftiness, and the master of the household rejoices over the possession of the massive brain that gave birth to this money-saving invention.

Same Old Fool Joke.

[Providence Journal.]

A young lady of Olneyville had been sitting in a chair and rose to get something, and as she attempted to regain her seat a young friend quickly withdrew the chair and allowed her to sink heavily to the floor.

The next day she was taken ill, and a physician was summoned, and for two months he has been applying bandages, plasters, etc., to save the young lady, who is 18 years of age, from permanent curvature of the spine.

As it was, her body became bent, and gave her friends great alarm. It will be five years before all danger of spinal disease will be removed.

The Hub of the Southern Hemisphere.

[Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Valparaiso is the South American Boston, and the most un-Spanish city on the Pacific. Its streets